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STAR

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No. 109.

A HEART-ECHO.

BY JAMES HUNTERFORD.

"I love thee!" These words of endearment my heart.
Forever is softly and fondly repeating,
These days, slow and gloomy, that keep us apart,
Years that are numbered so happy and fleeting.
Oh, darling! I know that thou art as bright,
Thy love is as true, as the heaven above these;
And, therefore, I say, with the fullest delight,
With trust that is earnest and perfect, "I love thee!"

"I love thee!" So knew I the moment we met,
When first thy mild looks rested tenderly on me;
That sweet self-expression I can never forget,
Remembering the joyous and happy words.
These never has been, since that happiest hour
When but thy dear glances I needed to prove thee.
A moment I could not have sworn, with the power
Of all my full heart, before Heaven, "I love thee!"

I love thee, because, since our vows were first
pledged,
Though all my surroundings for worse have been
altered,
Thou troubles and crosses my prospects have
heded.

They love and thy confidence never have faltered,
Though continents, oceans, our forms should divide.

No absence or space from that truth-pught could
separate thee;

And thus, too, their power on my faith is dead—
My heart's fondest words will be ever, "I love thee!"

I love thee! Though fortune be gloomy as night,
With faith in thy faith I can never be cheerless;
They love to my life is a ceaseless delight,
O'er all other pleasures, unconquered and peerless.

But, dearest! I would I had words that were rife
With life, and with warmth from the heaven
above these!

To tell to thy true heart, thou life of my life,
My joy and my darling, how wholly I love thee!

My joy and my darling, how wholly I love thee!

Cecil's Deceit: or, THE DIAMOND LEGACY.

BY MRS. JENNIE D. BURTON,
AUTHOR OF "ADRIA, THE ADOPTED"; OR, THE MYSTERY OF ELLSFORD GRANGE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

TWO MEN IN THE HOUSE.

A COUPLE of days later Mr. and Mrs. Frampton went together to the city, and during their sojourn there called at No. 17 street. The former had volunteered to attend to the business—whatever it might be—alone, but a mixed feeling of restlessness and curiosity would not permit Cecil to remain behind.

It was a bright afternoon which would have been pleasant in the country, but the sun beating down against brick walls and pavements made it almost intolerably warm within the city limits. They drove to the place in a private carriage, and leaving it at the door, entered.

The office of Mr. Chantry in no way differed from that of any prosperous lawyer. The outer room was large and bare, with two or three clerks' desks ranged against the walls; the clerks themselves, pale, preoccupied-looking men, seldom breaking silence by aught save the scratching of their pens or ruffling of paper. An inner room furnished with carpet, table, chairs and escritoire, was where the lawyer received his clients. Into this, accordingly, Mr. and Mrs. Frampton were shown.

Mr. Chantry, a middle-aged man with a slight stoop in his shoulders and a lank, sallow countenance which ordinarily betrayed no more expression than a piece of blank parchment, placed himself immediately at their service.

Mr. Frampton introduced himself and wife and made known their business.

"This lady Captain Collingsbrooke's daughter," said the lawyer, passing the palm of one hand slowly over the back of the other and regarding Cecil attentively.

"Of course you have proofs of identity?"

"Yes," Cecil replied, promptly, opening the ornamental reticule she carried. "I thought such might be required and came prepared with authentic documents."

These consisted of a certificate of marriage between Captain Collingsbrooke and Eleanor, daughter of Adam Montague; a paper certifying the birth of their one child, Eve Collingsbrooke; and articles denoting the captain's former position in the queen's army, together with private letters from men well known in London.

Very satisfactory, Mr. Chantry declared them.

"And now, madam," said he, "I must congratulate you upon your succession to the famed Collingsbrooke diamonds, entailed in a bequest almost a century ago to the female descendants of that direct branch of the house. Are you acquainted with the contents of the will executed by Lady Collingsbrooke, Dowager Countess of Evrehampton, your great-grandmother?"

"I am not," Cecil replied. "There was little communication between my father and his family. If he was aware of the contents of the document to which you allude, he never referred to it to my knowledge."

"Briefly, then, this is the story," began the lawyer. "Lady Collingsbrooke was the mother of five children, four sons and a daughter, your grandfather being a younger son. The diamonds were bequeathed to the Lady Sarah to be transmitted to her eldest female child, or, failing such, to the eldest female descendant of the son claiming precedence in birth, who should be so blessed."

The Lady Sarah died unmarried, and the jewels reverted to Lady Nora, only daughter of the Earl of Evrehampton. Of the two remaining brothers of your grandfather, one died a bachelor, the other leaving no child. The Lady Nora married and

had three sons, the second of whom, Richard Holstead, is the present owner of the estate.

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SATURDAY JOURNAL.

been conveyed to the hospital. Her injuries were slow to heal, and, fever setting in, she had lain for weeks wavering between life and death. Her young, healthy vitality conquered in the end, and she went out in the world alone, friendless, homeless.

Her life lay a desolate path before her who had been always tenderly nurtured. She ascertained beyond doubt that her father had perished on that terrible night, but the bitterness of her grief was broken in upon by the necessity for action which her destination forced upon her.

Their only income had been a life annuity settled upon her father. This fact had increased their anxiety to see her placed beyond fear of want as Hugh Frampton's wife.

But Eve separated from this consummation by a dreary lapse of months and the absence of the motive power which had urged her to it—she did not know of that other barrier interposed now—had no inclination to forward the accomplishment of that old understanding by her own effort. The same intuition which told her that this chain of events had severed the bond existing between them, also caused her to shrink from applying to Hugh Frampton for aid in her extremity.

She believed that Cecil also had perished. Utterly alone and in a land of strangers, unused alike to privation and to exerting her own energies, Eve took up her stand amid the multitude who do battle for the necessities of life, in a great city.

She was skilled in embroidery, and succeeded in obtaining regular work. But her utmost efforts could no more than sustain her beyond the pale of actual want.

The room in which she sat was small, and meagerly stocked with only indispensable articles of furniture. She was thin and pale yet, from long prostration. Her heavy blonde hair had been shorn close, and in its stead now had come a growth glinted and waving about her neck, making her seem more youthful than before, despite the shadows lingering in her eyes and the hollow traceries depicted in her face. A single cicatrized mark upon her temple, and almost concealed by her waving hair, scarred her face, but upon her throat and wrists, not wholly hidden by the close-fitting dress she wore, were other and plainer evidences of the peril she had passed.

She raised her head wearily but without letting fall her hands with the nearly-finished work. A heavy step tolling up the bare wooden stairway, paused at her door. A tap, answered by her low-voiced "Come in!" was followed by the entrance of the stout, ruddy-faced Irishwoman who was her landlady.

"Mrs. Mulrooney!" said Eve, in some surprise, rising to place a chair.

"Yis, shure it's meself, mem, an' awfully thramp it is, too, up them same stairs. It's tak the breath out of me completely, it has. How ye sthand it comin' up an' down more than I can say at all."

"It's not frien' choice that I occupy such a high station," Eve returned, with a faint smile.

"It's the same I said to Norah, shure. Sez I, the young ladd'll not stand in the way of a better offer when like enough shell be pleased to take other quarters. An' sez I, it's the use of the spare bed in my own room I'll be beggin' of her to accipit till she finds other lodgin's, an' she wilcome to it as the blissid air she brathes."

"It's that, mem, which brought me up to say yez the day, for it's a-wantin' of the room at one't that the gentleman is; an' sez I, the ladd'll take my bed instid of a warnin' whin she knows of the chance. I mightn't have been so bowlid to ax it of yez but for me throuble, an' poor little Patsy that's down with the faver, to say nothin' of hard times an' the ris in mites of late."

From sheer lack of breath Mrs. Mulrooney paused; and Eve, gathering the pith from her flow of words, approached at once to the point.

"You want me to give up my room without the customary warning?"

"It's that, mem. The gentleman is own cousin to me lodger on the nixt floor, for the sake of bein' wid his own kin won't stand for the matter of a quarter extra on the rint. It's the accommodation I'm axin' of yez."

"To be sure, I could keep the apartment only a fortnight after your expressed desire to retain it, and the kindness you have shown me forbids such a return when your interests are better served otherwise. I must accept your offer to share your chamber if you have no vacant apartment suited to my use until I can procure such elsewhere."

"The blessin' of the widdys an' the orpin be wil yez. It's sorry I am to part wid yer like, an' yez can give me surety of yer stayin' for good, it's yerself shall kape the room forby the extra quarter an' me lodger's cousin. It's the ontsartainy of yer wantin' to stay, mem, more'n all the rest."

"I fear that I can not give you that assurance, Mrs. Mulrooney, much as I should like to do so."

Plain and inconvenient as the apartment was, Eve had already more than once been driven to contemplate a removal to a cheaper domicile.

Profuse in her expressions of regret that Eve should be subjected to any inconvenience, and of gratitude for her ready compliance with the request made, the really kind-hearted Irishwoman took her departure.

Eve applied herself with renewed diligence to the work which she had not relinquished even during the presence of her visitor; and for an hour scarcely raised her eyes from the groundwork of fine linen on which her needle had upraised an exquisite design of bud, and vine, and flower. The last stitch was taken while the glare of the declining sunlight yet beat into the little room. Then she rose, and donning hat and veil, took the roll of completed work and went out upon the street.

The sidewalks lay in shadow now, and were thronged by the business population hurrying homeward after the completion of their laboring hours. Eve quickened her steps, taking little note of the thousand expressions reflected in the tide of faces floating past, which it would have delighted her to dwell upon. So much does participation in the actualities of life take from our inclination to throw the garb of romance over its rougher phases.

The walk was not a long one, and she entered a bazaar where dainty trimmings hung out their enticing insignia to tempt luxurious feminine tastes. A clerk coming forward greeted her courteously, and receiving the roll from her hand, left her waiting while he disappeared into some obscure recess of the establishment. He returned again shortly, with a similar package not yet secured with wrapping and cord.

"Your work gives entire satisfaction," he said, affably. "So much that Mr. Blair is induced to employ you on a companion-piece, though opposed to his former resolution. The season is so dull that no more embroidery will be given out after this, and it is only on condition that you can complete the work by Saturday that it is wanted. There'll be no difficulty, I hope."

"The pattern is very intricate, and the time short," Eve ventured, her heart sinking at the prospect, his words foretold.

"Did you say it is the last I shall have?"

"For the present, yes, Miss. What to see you on our list again when business is brisker." Mr. Blair mentioned the same, in fact, which is quite a compliment to your skill, I assure you, Miss."

He deftly twirled the fabrics he had unrolled into shape again, and looking about him, seized upon a torn newspaper in which to inclose it. Still Eve lingered.

"Can you recommend me to another establishment, meanwhile?" she asked. "It is of the utmost importance that I procure uninterrupted employment."

"Sorry," he returned; "but the fact is dealers in our line are all overstocked. Well recommend you willingly, of course; but I'm afraid it will be of no use. I'll manage that you shall see Mr. Blair himself on Saturday, if you wish; maybe he can suggest something."

Thanking the friendly clerk, Eve removed her veil, and turned away with a despondent heartache growing upon her. She could see that the vague hope offered was but the feint of a kindness which shrunk from inflicting an unpleasant conviction in its sharpest form. Wearily she toiled up the long stairways. The late sunset cast a dull red glow upon the opposite roofs, and, fatigued as she was, she sat down by the window to begin her task by that remnant of waning light.

The roll of snowy linen lay upon her lap, when a breath of air floating down over the house-top, caught at and fluttered the paper not wholly removed from it. She put her hand down upon the rustling fragment, and her glance following it, rested upon her own name, printed in conspicuous characters.

It was the same advertisement which Mr. Frampton had stumbled across weeks before. Eve devoured it with eager eyes, but its object was no more apparent to her than it had proved to the woman who had usurped her identity.

Yet it came to her a message all the more welcome for being unexpected. It was like a bridge connecting her happy, care-free past with this existence so drearily hopeless, so loveless that it seemed scarcely worthy of the continuous struggle required to sustain it, and stretching beyond into the promise of a brighter future.

The commonplace wording of the paragraph awoke in her a tide of rushing recollections. It carried her back to the home in which her childhood had been passed, with all its associations of tender memories.

It recalled the voyage which had promised to be the prelude to a newer and wider sphere of life; the days-loitered away in the erratic wandering which Captain Collings Brooke had preferred to following the circumscribed routes grown familiar to tourists. Then the sudden blotting out of all that was fair before her; the loss of the single great affection she had ever known; the blind groping with her sense recognized grief during the time when her physical suffering deadened her sense of mental pain, and after that the realization of utter loneliness, which is the most desolate of all the bitter destinies a young life can know.

She roused herself from the reverie into which she had fallen, to contemplate the new consideration thus thrust upon her. She recognized the difficulties she would be called upon to surmount, before proving the degree in which this summons could affect her.

Unlike the majority of English girls, she was familiar with the geography of our country, and less reliant upon herself, dreaded the solitary journey to New York. She might have written, it is true, but this indefinite promise seemed to resolve itself into something tangible luring her on.

She drew out her well-worn portemonnaie and quickly observed its contents. There was only the modicum she had received that day for her completed work—only enough to meet her expenses for the week. She clasped her hands in her old way when any thing troubled her, and leant her forehead down upon them against the window-sill.

A sensation of pain, unnoticed for a moment, the aggravation of her flesh pressing against the sharp points of a heavy ring she wore, brought to her like a flash the solution of her most pressing difficulty. Her rings, the sole possession she retained which accorded with her former position, opened up the avenue which had seemed closed against her.

Norah came by and by with a request that she should assume the occupancy of the place assigned her; and Eve, gathering up the untouched work which had fallen to the floor, gave some directions regarding the disposition of her effects, and followed the girl to Mrs. Mulrooney's chamber.

It was a large, neat room, with beds ranged closely along one side, and was the sleeping-apartment of the widow and her five children. Being well ventilated, the prospect was less uninviting than might be supposed.

That evening as she plied her needle by the light of the kerosene lamp which shed its illumination for the divers occupants, she explained to her good-natured landlady the import of the advertisement addressed to her, and the resolution she had taken.

Mrs. Mulrooney entered heartily into the brighter anticipations which Eve had indulged, and, moreover, proffered her services in a most acceptable manner.

She assumed the task of disposing of Eve's rings, and on the following day took them to a jeweler whom she chanced to know. After much haggling she secured a price which, though below their real value, was greater than Eve had hoped to realize.

Eve's task grew less burdensome when it was no longer a work of actual necessity, or perhaps the newly-awakened hope lightened the drudgery. On Saturday she carried back to the store her last piece of work, and received Mr. Blair's assurance that more of its kind was not then attainable. But this fact was not now of vital moment to her.

The Sabbath day she passed quietly. Early in the week—her few requisite preparations occupied but little time in their accomplishment—she took regretful leave of the humble friend she had found in her landlady, and fairly embarked upon her journey.

The walk was not a long one, and she entered a bazaar where dainty trimmings hung out their enticing insignia to tempt luxurious feminine tastes. A clerk coming forward greeted her courteously, and receiving the roll from her hand, left her waiting while he disappeared into some obscure recess of the establishment. He returned again shortly, with a similar package not yet secured with wrapping and cord.

CHAPTER IX. GROPPING HER WAY.

THE second day after this witnessed

Eve's arrival in New York. It was close upon evening, and she was much fatigued, having traveled without stoppage by the way. Her first consideration was to find a respectable hotel where the charges should not exceed her limited means, and refresh herself as best she might before proceeding to investigate the mysterious business which had called her here.

She applied to the hackman to whom she intrusted her modest portmanteau, the only baggage with which she had encumbered herself, and he directed her to a private boarding-house kept by a relative of his own. The house was located on a quiet, out-of-the-way street, and was really what it claimed to be, orderly and comfortable.

She was fortunate in securing a back room, the rather remote situation of which proved a drawback to its permanent occupation. The plain, homely aspect of the place, with only so much of convenient adjuncts as was compatible with its character, seemed very inviting to her compared with the bare mode of life she had latterly been compelled to lead.

She ordered a simple supper of rolls and tea, and, despite all sanitary rules, ate it heartily and forthwith retired. Even this violation of the laws of health had not the power to rob her of the deep repose so much needed by her wearied frame. Her sleep was heavy and dreamless, and the morning was well advanced when she awoke.

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"I have listened to you calmly, sir. You have mistaken me. I own that it is very hard to give up such hopes as you have raised. I know that poverty will be doubly bitter, after that momentary glimpse of happiness. But I will not, to gain the world, become the perfumed wretch you would make me!"

"It would be no perjury, Mrs. Dorant. It would be merely the termination of a relation with a worthy man, with whom you should never have united your fate!"

"Be silent, sir, and leave me! I scorn the temptation you offer!"

"It is temptation, then," muttered the visitor, observing her narrowly. His heart beat when he saw how white and set were her very lips.

"Lewis shall never know it!" sobbed the wife. "Or if he did, he would know that I would not give him up for the wealth of worlds!"

"Leave you for the present," said Marlit. "I will return when you have had time to reflect on my words."

"You need not return, sir; you must not. My husband might see you. For mercy's sake, do not come here again; never! Do not let my husband see you, nor hear what you have said to me!"

"Is she afraid of his urging her to yield?" muttered the man to himself. "Or afraid of his anger? My dear Mrs. Dorant, rest assured that he will learn nothing from me! I shall seek for you only when I come back. I have left my carriage at the inn; I do not mind stopping a day or two."

"I forbid you to return!" exclaimed Madeleine, her eyes flashing, her cheeks afire. Again the perception of her beauty flashed across the sense of the temper. She was superb in every phase of emotion!

"I will say no more now. If it is your wish to-morrow, I will continue my journey. Good-day, madam."

"Stay, sir; answer me one question. What motive brought you here, knowing, as you did, that the conditions of the best place it beyond my reach? What interest have you in me?"

"None, personally. I never saw you before."

"Have you any interest in the property which I am debauched from inheriting?"

"None, certainly; though I am a kinsman of yours."

"You?"

"A cousin, twice removed, on your uncle's side. That is nothing. He did not leave me a penny. He had confidence enough in me to leave his son in my care. Years of faithful service had earned this charge. I receive nothing more. With the surrender of the estate into the hands of the ultimate legatees, my duties cease, and I must earn my bread elsewhere."

"You will pardon me, I hope, any rudeness," said Madeleine, softened.

"Surely, madam. Permit me now to leave you, and return for your final answer."

"There is no need of returning. My answer must be the same. I am debauched from the inheritance."

"That is as you choose!"

"It is not as I choose!" cried the wife, almost fiercely. "If Lewis and I both wished it, for our child's sake, it could not be! And I would not renounce him, even if he would give me up. You see how impossible it is! I wonder you came here! I wish you had not come! Pray, pray, sir, forgive me, and go away!"

"You will be able to judge more coolly at another time!" were the last words of Marlit, as he went out of the cottage door. He left behind him the traveling-bag he had brought in.

Madeleine was left standing in the room, her hands grasping the back of her seat, her features rigid with agony, her cheeks colorless, her lips drawn apart. It seemed to her a fantastic dream. Wealth and high social position here by birthright! Her mother had often told her so; had often painted her state restored to the splendid home of her kinsman; that kinsman who had wished to make her his daughter; to endow her with his riches! Why had she been told what might have been? Was it not misery enough to live in so poor a hut, to see her husband toiling his life out for the scanty pittance necessary to give bread to his wife and child? Would it really suffer, if relieved of that hard necessity?

Her brain was in whirl; she clasped her hands across her forehead, and her form swayed to and fro as if motion could relieve the tumult of her thoughts. Then her pent-up tears broke forth like a torrent, and she flung herself despairingly on the floor, wishing that life might end with the grief that oppressed her beyond bearing.

She did not hear the approaching steps of her husband, for the child was asleep in his arms, and he walked softly. He drew the latch of the door, and entered the cottage. Seeing his wife prostrate on the floor, he sat down the little girl and ran to raise her, in wild alarm.

What was his astonishment to see a face wet with tears; convulsed with the sobs that still burst from her bosom!

"Madeleine! my wife! What is this? What has happened?"

She dashed the tears from her eyes, and stood up, in shame at having betrayed herself. The child, suddenly released, was beginning to cry. She darted forward, caught Oriel in her arms, and was about to carry her into the inner room.

"Dearest, you have not answered me! What has happened to disturb you?"

"Nothing, Lewis, I assure you."

"Nothing—and I find you on the floor, weeping, with every sign of distress on your face! You have heard some bad news!"

"No—I have not; pray do not question me further. Let me put the child to bed."

He followed her into the interior room, where she laid down the little girl and spread the covering over her. She looked so pretty in sleep, with her brown ringlets clustering about her blooming cheeks, that the mother stooped to press a long kiss upon them. When she lifted up her head, and met the anxious looks of her husband, she shrank from them for the first time.

He took her arm, and drew her out of the chamber.

"You must tell me all, Madeleine," he said.

She averted her face. How could she tell him?

Suddenly he noticed the traveling-bag on the table. Crossing the room, he took it up and read the name.

Madeleine looked at him mournfully.

"He must have left it. I did not observe it before."

"Who must have left it?"

"The gentleman—the traveler—who called here to rest himself an hour since."

"And brought news that has disturbed my darling! Is it not so?"

The wife was silent.

"Madeleine, you must tell me your distress."

"I think I heard the child cry; let me go to her."

"She did not cry; she is asleep. My wife, how have I deserved to lose your confidence?"

"Oh, Lewis! I do not wish to tell you what will distress you, without doing any good!"

"I can share your burden with you."

"And double it in sharing! Leave me to recover from the blow. I do wrong to feel it. Indeed—indeed, it is nothing!"

"Then you do not trust me, Madeleine."

"Can you think so my husband? Then you shall know all. That stranger brought news of my uncle. He was rich man; he died some time since, leaving a sickly son to inherit his property; the son is also dead."

"And you are the next heir?"

"My uncle left a will, bequeathing the fortune to me, in the event—"

"Then I must congratulate you, Madeleine. And you seemed so unhappy! Who was this uncle of yours?"

"His name was Clermont; he lived at Broadhurst, in Sussex."

"I have heard you describe the place; a noble estate, is it not?"

"But, oh, Lewis—there is a condition that will prevent our ever coming to the inheritance."

"What condition? Are you required to change your name?"

"That would be nothing; but I can only receive the fortune as the wife of one of my uncle's kinsmen; of some member of the family."

Dorant was silent for some minutes.

At length he said: "And the bearer of this news did not know you were already married?"

"He did," answered the wife. "He said he knew it."

"What did he say was to become of the property, if you did not comply with the conditions?"

"It will go out of the family; to some hospital."

"He came, then, to tell you what you had lost by marrying me?"

"He dared to propose that our marriage should be annulled."

Dorant started up and began to pace the room quickly.

"I sent him away, Lewis; I would not listen to him. It is all over; let us think of it no more!"

"I wish I had but seen him!" muttered the husband. "Will he come back for his traveling-bag?"

"You must not see him, Lewis. Promise me that you will not! I will get father to take his bag to the inn in the village. He said he had left his carriage there."

"I should like to see him!" said Dorant, in the same low, unnatural tone.

"It will be of no use; I have given him my answer. We can have nothing to do with the property. I only wish he had not come!"

They heard footsteps on the frozen ground outside. Colonel Duclous had returned.

Madeleine hastily left the room, and Dorant went out into the kitchen, where his father was putting coals on the fire for the preparation of the evening meal.

"I know he will not be persuaded to take money," he said, at length, "for giving me his company for those seven miles; so I will take the liberty of leaving it here. Where can I put it? Ah! this drawer!" He pulled open a drawer of the sideboard, put in a roll of gold, and closed the drawer. "I shall be at a good distance from here to-morrow when they find this," he muttered, chuckling softly to himself.

"I have it not," Duclous said. "It must be somewhere about the room. I should like, too, to look at the account again."

Lewis took up the traveling-bag. "This must go to the inn," he said, "before I leave the house to-night."

"What is that? A stranger's traveling-bag?" asked the officer.

"He came while we were at the village; stopped to rest, my wife said—and left this on the table."

"It is of fine leather," remarked the soldier. "What is that on the brass plate?"

Clermont, Broadhurst, Sussex. I have heard that name—I remember now; a rich seat; owned capital horses and hounds!

"Can he have been here?"

"No; he has been dead some time."

"So I heard; now I recollect. He must have left a magnificent property."

"Was it so large?" asked Dorant, musingly.

"One of the largest owned by any of the gentry in the county. A splendid collection of paintings, too. He must have had taste as well as riches."

"He was rich?" repeated Dorant, gloomily.

"Immensely rich! He leaves a son, I believe, to inherit his estates!"

"I think not!" answered Lewis, still in thought.

"No? then who does the property go to?"

I never heard of any relations who might come in as heirs! Lucky dogs, if there were any!"

Dorant made no reply. He was nervously searching for the newspaper.

At length he drew open the drawer in the sideboard. The roll caught his eye; he took it up, and the gold fell out. He let the parcel fall, and started back, apparently in horror.

"Ah! he has found it too soon!" muttered the colonel, watching him.

"The man must have given this to Madeleine!" said Dorant, speaking to himself.

"I must see about this!"

He was going into the chamber, when Duclous intercepted him.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"To see what this means," returned the husband, gloomily, pointing to the drawer.

"For heaven's sake, man, what do you suspect?"

"I will not suffer my wife to receive money from a stranger!"

"Nonsense, man; she knows nothing about it."

Madeleine looked at him mournfully.

"He must have left it. I did not observe it before."

"Who must have left it?"

"The gentleman—the traveler—who called here to rest himself an hour since."

"She must have taken it from the owner of that traveling-bag!"

"She did not! Come, sit down. If you must know, I put the money in that drawer."

"You—Duclous!"

"I—my good friend. You are going to render me a service to-night; it would have been hard to make you take pay, and it was my fancy to leave a present. I have plenty more; you need not scruple to take it."

"You are kind, Duclous; but—I can not take your money."

"You need it; why should you hesitate?"

"I know it is needed; but—"

"Buy the child something; a new dress or two; there are only ten pounds."

"You must excuse me. I can not take it. I have done nothing to earn so much."

"But you are going to risk your life for to-night. They say the road is dangerous in such weather, and in the darkness. You will have to come back alone, after leaving me safe at the station where I take the railway."

"Take it back!" said Dorant, holding out the roll.

"I will not. You act foolishly."

"You will offend me, sir, if you do not do it."

Duclous received the money, looking very much surprised at his friend, whose face was white and rigid, while his lips moved convulsively.

"You do not trust an old friend?" he reproached.

"You must forgive me!" and Dorant wrung his hand. "You do not know what I suffer."

"Suffer?"

"Yes—knowing that my wife is chained to poverty through me!"

"How is that?"

"She is well born; she has relatives who would proudly own her; she might have wealth and station, but for me!" The words were forced out, as it were, by the bitterness of a crushed spirit.

Duclous sighed. "These unequal marriages!" he murmured. "No good ever came of them!"

"But she may give me up—and be happy!" queried the husband, searching the countenance of his companion, as if he would find there a solution of his cruel doubts.

"I doubt if she could be happy. How has she found her relations? Before you were married, she knew nothing of them."

"The man who came here to-day," pointing to the bag, "brought news of her uncle Clermont's and his son's death. The property is hers, if she will refuse to acknowledge me; if she will consent to a divorce."

"And what does she say?"

"She is very unhappy."

Duclous started up, seized Dorant's hand, and exclaimed: "If she hesitates, my boy, let her go to her rich friends, and come you with me. We will serve together abroad. You will like the life, I warrant you!"

Dorant's face darkened. The iron had entered his very soul with the suspicion that Madeleine's grief was for the loss of wealth. He knew her ambition; her love of adornment and luxury. She was fitted for the high station within her reach but for him. Suppose he should leave her free to seek release from the tie that held her from accepting the dazzling proffer?

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A WINTER NIGHT.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

There's a sigh in the northern gale,
And a shiver in the trees,
While a sound like a mystic wail
Sweeps over the ponds that freeze.
The stars in their beauty tremble,
With the sun's prismatic light,
Like diamonds in a temple,
On boughs of images white.

A silence reigns in the valley,
And the pulse of stillness still—
Not a sound but the breath and dash—
In the night wind's broath so chill—
While the mountain stream's soft gushing
Is a prisoner in rude hands,
That incubus its free rushing
Through the fertile meadow lands.

The mountain in grandeur lifeth
A braw of eternal snow,
Which the Winter's cold blast drifteth,
In the summer sun to glow.
The pines in spectral numbers
Are silent, save the secret—
Secrets, where the moonlight slumbers,
With a deep, unceasing sigh.

Love's Compensations.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

OUTSIDE, the giddily whirling storm of snow-flakes were hurtling through the air, piling higher and higher their soft ermine mantle on the already whitened earth; and as Monica Aylmer parted the crimson-satin curtains of her dressing-room that overlooked the snow-bound park, her lips part'd in a joyous smile of mingled anticipation and pride.

She was very lovely, standing in the dead white light of that snowy atmosphere, with the rose-pink curtains casting their glowing, satiny sheen on her face and figure; and Monica Aylmer's was a face and a figure that few persons—and especially a man—would be content to look upon. She was very fair, with large, lustrous, jet-black eyes and curling lashes that matched in hue her purple-black, glossy hair. She had always a deep pink flush on her cheeks, and when she parted her full red lips in the smiles that so often displayed the small, pearly teeth, there was a deep, saucy dimple that nestled among the incarnadine tints on her cheek.

She was petite, round as a robin, graceful as a Hebe, and—in love with Chester Colfax.

It wasn't so much to be wondered at, that he had won her, for he could have won most any of the women who knew him—unless it were Juliet Chase, "the iceberg," whom no man ever yet had been able to win a smile from; whom all men she knew and favored with her acquaintance would have gone to the ends of the earth for, could their journey have bought them her love.

Time had been, when Chester Colfax had almost won her; when busy tongues had coupled their names in matrimonial connections; and then, in all disdain, in all icy repellancy, Juliet Chase had entirely withdrawn her smiles from Chester Colfax; and he, half because he was piqued, but more because he was not of a very constant disposition, had speedily transferred his attentions to beautiful Monica Aylmer; and although she was the last woman to wear her heart on her sleeve, she was easily won by handsome Chester, and was the happiest woman on the face of the earth, that snowy winter morning.

For he had not been to see her for nearly a fortnight, now, and the promise had been that when the first sleighing came, he was to drive up from New York, and take her out in his stylish turn-out.

So that was why Monica's eyes were so resplendent, and the exquisite flush on her cheeks deeper, as she stood between the draping rose-red curtains in her white cashmere wrapper, with its ornate bands circling the fair throat and wrists, and reaching from her dimpled chin to her high-arched foot.

"Is it such a blow, then, Monica?"
Harry Craven bent a proud, sympathizing face closer to his cousin's pale, sharp features—features one would scarcely have known for Monica Aylmer, so keen was the agony, so unnatural the white pallor that marked her, stricken-hearted.

Just now, in her cold, limp hands, lay an open note, daintily creased and monogrammed with two large Roman C's, intertwined gracefully.

That letter had just been sent to her, while Cousin Harry Craven was whiling away a half hour; while she was waiting in dainty array of jetty velvet and ermine furs, for Chester Colfax and his sleigh.

She had been so brilliant, so beautiful, that Harry Craven felt, away down in his brave, honest heart, what a prize this fair cousin would have been to him. He remembered, half bitterly, how much more he could—say, and did—love little flushed-cheeked Monica, than ever handsome, selfish Chester Colfax could do. But then, Harry Craven, when he saw the shimmer of the opal betrothal ring on the taper finger, was n't the man to let her know or dream of all that blazed in his heart.

Now, with that strange, terrible revelation before her eyes, Harry Craven was wondering whether he was most glad or sorry that it had all happened so cruelly. Did he most pity this white-faced, anguish-eyed girl, or congratulate himself that now he was free to woo her if she could be won?

He hardly knew himself, as he leaned his head down beside hers, and asked her in such a tenderly sympathetic way:

"Is it such a blow, Monica?"

And for answer, she had laid her face on the marble stand before her, and silently handed him the letter.

"I can not come to you, to-day, as I promised; and, Monica, I will be plain, if cruel, and tell you I never can come again. You will give me up as unworthy, I know, because I deserve nothing better at your hands; and I in turn, while I will not mock you by asking for forgiveness, will have enough to tell you that because Juliet Chase has given her love to me, I dare not play myself false for life, by trying to make you happy when my whole heart is hers. Try to forget me; it is all I ask. C. C."

Harry's cheeks darkened and then paled, as he read the cold, gently insulting—and then, in one gush of impulsive, overwhelming passion, he flung it under his feet, and clasped the pale, quivering figure tightly in his strong arms.

"My Monica! my poor, stricken darling! how could he have done this dastardly thing, and to you—to you whom I would give my life to comfort, to have for my own! Monica, darling! I may be wild, mad, to speak at such a time, but if I only might have what he spurns! if I only might teach you, in

coming years, that one man's love can suffice for another's."

It seemed as though the sound of his own pleading, passionate voice surprised him, as well as Monica, for an almost mysterious silence fell upon them.

Then, lifting a face whose eyes were blazing like unquenchable fires, she laid both her ice-cold hands in his palms.

"Harry, I am not afraid to trust my life with you. I will be yours—if you think I am worthy."

And on the warm June day that the bridal cortege of Chester Colfax and Juliet Chase crossed the threshold of Trinity Church, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Craven were walking down the broad aisle to the traveling coach that awaited them at the door.

"So it is to be the corn-colored moire to-night, Maude? and the diamonds?"

Mrs. Craven was looking with proud, love-fringed eyes at the beautiful girl who stood before the dressing-mirror, deftly arranging, with her own dainty fingers, the feely clouds of flossy, yellow silk hair.

"The corn-colored moire and diamonds, mamma—unless you think another toilette more becoming?"

It was very like Monica Aylmer's voice as it was twenty years aback; and Monica Aylmer's only child—here, and her dead Harry's—fair Maude Craven, was quite like what her mother had been years ago.

Mrs. Craven worshipped this daughter of hers; she clothed her in "silk attire" and would have fed her "melted pearls and molten gold" had they been good for her digestion.

As it was, Maude's life was one long sunny day; one exquisite fairy dream, only the brighter and sweeter now, when nineteen, she loved, for the first time.

And so strangely are the warp and woof of life wrought for us mortals by the Fates' hidden fingers, this lover of Maude Craven, to whom she had given all the sweet freshness of the love of nineteen, was—Cyril Colfax, the only son and child of the man who had deliberately trampled on Monica Aylmer's heart years and years ago!

It seemed more like a romance than a page out of real life; that Monica's husband was dead, and her fatherless Maude had for a lover the motherless boy of Chester Colfax; for Juliet had died a year or so ago, when Mrs. Craven's widow's weeds were two years old.

Very gradually had the fact become known to Maude's mother, that Maude loved Cyril—handsome Cyril—so very like what her father had been in those never-to-be-forgotten days of yore; and to-night, as she watched peerless Maude array herself to meet this lover, with the same glory in her eyes that Monica remembered must have been in hers once on a time when she waited for—a cool repulse. Mrs. Craven felt how good a thing it would be to stab Cyril Colfax's heart, and not allow Maude to be his son's wife.

But, when she saw her star-eyed, beaming, fond darling, how could she wade through her heart's blood to pierce the one of the only man whom, after all he had done, after all she had done, after all twenty years had wrought, was only and still the man to whom her innocent soul owned its allegiance?

Then, as swift, surging memories went over her, bringing back all the anguish and the agony, she suddenly grew wrathful and resolved.

"It is not for Cyril Colfax that you are adorning, Maude? Because, if it is, there must be an end to it all, at once. You can not marry Cyril Colfax."

And turning away her regal head, that she might not see the dumb agony on Maude's suddenly blanched face, Monica Craven wondered, as she walked away, in the sight of God, she had not done a wicked thing?

A large, stylish visiting card, bearing a well-known name on its plain, enamelled surface—"CHESTER COLEAX."

How Mrs. Craven's heart bounded when the footman handed it to her on the tiny silver salver. It would be the first time for four years that she had seen him—never since he and Juliet started for Europe, from whence he returned alone.

So, with strangely mingled sensations—first frigidity, then overgushing tenderness; now well-feigned indifference, and now, yearning wonderment—Monica swept into her elegant reception-room, and met him, face to face.

He was courteous; she, the perfect hostess; he led her to a chair, and then stood before her.

"I will tell you at once why I came, Mrs. Craven," he said, and his tones thrilled her through and through. "It is to plead the cause of my boy, and your daughter. Mrs. Craven, do not break their hearts, and darken all their bright, young lives because I did you an unpardonable wrong—a wrong that, before Heaven, I have repented of, in sackcloth and ashes; that I would atone for, in humility and proud delight, this very hour, if you would but let me—"

And Monica Craven, with the true womanly charity that forgives all things, and beareth all things, went up to Chester Colfax, after those twenty wide years, and laid her hands on his shoulders, with her beautiful eyes glittering with tears.

"Maude shall be Cyril's; and I, Chester—

—I will be yours—after twenty years."

And she did just right.

It was like pouring fresh blood into his depleted veins. It soon revived him, so that he again spoke, and his host again heard the same names muttered as before.

He often heard them afterward more clearly, if not more coherently, pronounced.

Often during the days of delirious raving that succeeded, while, with sympathizing heart, he sat by the side of the wounded man, tenderly nursing him.

So effectively had the coon-hunter carried

out the trust of friendship, that the runaway had never been in great strait during his sojourn in the swamp. Blue Bill's noted

penchant for the chase gave him plausible

excuse for prolonged absences from the

quarter; while its products, the coon-skins,

enabled him to supply the runaway with

some of the luxuries as well as necessities

of life. At times, under his coat-skirt,

might have been discovered a gourd filled

with corn-whisky, beside a plug of tobacco,

both of which afterward appeared in a

corner of the tree-cave. The former, for-

tunately more than half full, now stowed

Jupe in good stead. The strong spirit was

the very medicine for his wounded guest;

and he at once administered it, on finding

that the latter still lived.

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depleted veins. It soon revived him, so that

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man, tenderly nursing him.

And he at length nursed him into convalescence. The shot intended as Clancy's

death-shot had failed of its intent. The

bullet had but broken a rib, and glanced off,

without entering the lungs. The shock had

stunned him; and this, with the copious

hemorrhage from a cut artery, had caused

fainting, afterward succeeded by fever and

delirium.

With unwearied watchfulness his kind

host tended and saw him safe through all.

And when, at length, Clancy grew strong

enough to think and talk of plans for the

future; as a reward for his services, the slave

received from his lips a promise to be aided

by him in escaping from the swamp, as

from the bondage that had driven him into

it.

Clancy spoke of Texas; of his determination

to go thither, and take Jupiter along with him.

At the same time, he cautioned the runaway

to say naught of his intention to

Blue Bill, knowing the latter to be his

deciduous cypress, and not infrequently of such dimensions as to be capable of giving shelter to many men, or even horses. I have myself spent nights in such a lodging, sleeping soundly at full stretch, my horse lying alongside of me.

No horse could have reached the hollow tree in which Darkie's fugitive slave had taken refuge, and found shelter from that more feared than rain or storm. Man himself could not approach it, except by skiff or canoe—something to make way through water that could not be waded. Even these could not at all times be taken up to the little islet on which the hollow cypress stood.

Around it for two hundred yards extended a quagmire of mud, so soft and deep as to make passage by a pedestrian difficult—in places impossible. This, in the season of inundations, was covered with water, and a canoe might cross it. At other times it was impassable, except by eels, snakes or alligators. Still was there a way of traversing this unsteady track for one who knew it—for Jupiter. Nature had here, again, lent her aid to the oppressed fleeing from oppression. In her wrath, spoken by tempest and tornado, she had laid prostrate several trees, whose trunks, lying along the mud andlapping on one another, formed a continuous causeway across the slimy substratum.

It was along this singular causeway the mulatto had carried the insensible form of Charles Clancy; it being at that season of the year when the waters were low, and the mud-bank barred the passage of his dug-out beyond the place where he had secreted it.

The very difficulty of reaching it by such a path rendered doubly safe the slave's asylum. In approaching it his foot made no tell-tale print and left no trace available for the purpose of the cruel pursuers. More than a month had elapsed since his disappearance from Ephraim Darke's plantation. And although suspected of harboring in the swamp—suspected by the sharpest negro-catcher in the settlement, Ephraim Darke's own son—and there too, zealously sought for, he had continued to baffle all search.

Meantime the mulatto had neither starved, nor much suffered—except from solitude. In his domicil, though rude, he had contrived to surround himself with something of comfort. The Spanish moss, hanging from the branches above, could be collected in cartloads. Armfuls were sufficient to furnish a soft couch, on which he could repose himself. For food he was never hard up—never a whole day deficient. If it came to that, he could easily entrap a young alligator, and make a meal of the tenderest part of its tail. It yields a steak, if not equal to the best pork or beef, at least edible.

But Jupe was not often driven to this diet, too much of a musky flavor. His usual fare was roast pork, now and then broiled chicken, at times a fritasse of corn or a barbecue of possum. Along with these he had bread—corn bread—in various shapes of "pone," "hoe-cake," and "dodger." Sometimes, too, though rarely, Virginia biscuits of the sweetest and whitest flour, might be seen stored upon the shelves he had scooped out against the walls of his tree-cave. Only on very rare occasions had his larder been empty.

Whence came the pork, the broiled chicken, and bread? The coon and the possum might be accounted for, these being wild-wood game, which it was possible for him to have captured himself. The other viands were domestic product, and must have come from the plantations.

the loop-end o' a layette. Tharfor', to conclude, say I, let's get on ahead o' them; gather our fellers as we go further south; I know o' six now sportin' themselves in San Antone. When we have enough the gither, then let's look out for Monshee Looey Dupre and the fifty thousand shiners he has got by the sale o' his Louisiana plantation. It'll give a tolerable good divide; and among the colonizers, as they war callin' themselves when we left Naketosh, I reckon we'll all o' us find a partner apiece. For our young friend here, Mr. Quantrell, I know that's a bit o' dimity in that crowd he's willin' to foller, wherever it may lead—if need be, to the end of eternit."

Without waiting for Quantrell's rejoinder to this coarse sally, the brigand continued:

"Now, comrades, what say you? Hadn't we better first go straight on to San Antone? After that, to the place where we are to pick up the fifty thousand shiners."

"For San Antone first!" answered his comrades, in chorus; "then for the fifty thousand shiners!"

CHAPTER XLII.

IN SEARCH OF THE ASSASSIN.

ABOUT three weeks after Borlasse and his brigands had crossed the Sabine, continuing on for the south-western settlements of Texas, a second party might have been seen traveling along the same trail through the forests of Louisiana—their faces set toward the same fording-place.

In number they were less than half that composing the band of Borlasse. In all, there were only four of them—three on horseback, the fourth bestriding a mule.

The three horsemen were white; the mule-riders a mulatto.

The latter rode a little behind; the distance, as also a certain air of deference—to say nothing of his complexion—showing him to be a slave.

Still further rearward, and seemingly careful to keep beyond kicking reach of the hybrid's heels, trotted a dog—a deerhound.

The reader is already acquainted with the men comprising this second party, as also with the dog that accompanied it. The three white men were Charles Clancy, Simeon Woodley, and Ned Heywood. He with the tawny skin was Jupiter, Ephraim Darke's abandoned slave. The dog was Clancy's; the same he had with him when shot down by Richard Darke.

Having accomplished the crossing of the river, they made halt on the Texan side. Their movements showed caution, with some signs of uneasiness; as, if they, too, were troubled with an apprehension of being pursued. But it was unlike that betrayed by Borlasse and his band—the reason being altogether different. None of the white men had need to fear himself. Their uneasiness was about the mulatto; a fugitive slave whom they were assisting in his escape from slavery, by taking him along with them to the far free frontierland where he would be beyond reach of the most enterprising negro-catcher.

For this reason, and it alone, were they entering Texas by a route described as rarely taken by the honest traveler.

Just as Borlasse and his ruffians, on reaching the Texan side, sought relaxation under the shadow of the trees, so did they. Dismounting on the very same spot, and having similarly secured their animals, they sat down for a spell of rest, but not to sleep. They, too, while staying at Natchitoches, had been guests of the Choctaw Chief, for reasons that may be easily understood. Their plans required privacy; Clancy insisting upon it. To insure success in carrying out his scheme of vengeance, it was needful—or at all events prudential—he should still be deemed dead. Besides, there was Jupiter to be thought of; and the fugitive slave's freedom would not have continued long had he been paraded conspicuously in the streets of Natchitoches, or seen at any hotel patronized by planters.

Economy might also have influenced them in their choice of a stopping-place. In passing through Natchitoches twice before, Clancy had not felt this need, and had stayed at the principal hotel. Now, things were different; and the few dollars left to him required skillful manipulation. For his traveling companions, Woodley and Heywood, the Choctaw Chief was the very hostelry to which they would have instinctively directed their steps; even had they been entire strangers to the place. But Woodley had been there before.

Considering the scheme that now knit these three men together—the pursuit of Richard Darke—they could not have touched upon a spot better calculated to put them on his traces. During the twenty-four hours of their stay at the disreputable tavern they were enabled to possess themselves of most of the information needed for further prosecuting their search.

As chance would have it, Johnny, the bar-keeper, of doubtful nationality, had been insulted by Borlasse just as the latter was leaving. Whether Hibernian or not, he wielded a tongue free as that of any Irishman. This, further loosened by the rancor that remained, was wagged close to the ear of Simeon Woodley—who chanced to be an old favorite—until the hunter was fully informed of all that had taken place under the roof of the Choctaw Chief in connection with Borlasse and his band. What had occurred outside the hostelry everybody in Natchitoches knew. The grand colonizing scheme of Colonel Armstrong in company with the young planter Dupre; its organization, and departure for Texas about a week before, had been the events of the time—just then ceasing to be talked of in the hotels, taverns, restaurants, and streets.

Simeon Woodley was a man of secretive habit—temerously retentive of anything he might himself discover, or have in trust communicated to him. There is proof of this in his way of managing the search for Clancy's body, and the mode of arresting the suspected murderer—both done under his direction.

Therefore, most of the information he was able to collect during their sojourn in Natchitoches he had kept from his fellow-travelers, until that hour when he and they dismounted from their horses on the Texan side of the Sabine.

Then, as they sat together on the trunk of a fallen tree, smoking their pipes, after a refraction of corn-bread and cold boiled bacon, he unburred himself of the secrets he had drawn from the Hibernian bar-keeper.

The facts thus disclosed, along with what followed, throwing new light upon the subject of our story—as also on the trail the man-hunters were pursuing—call for a separate chapter.

CHAPTER XLIII. A REPENTANT SINNER.

"FELLERS!" said Simeon Woodley, addressing his speech to his two traveling companions of white complexion, the mulatto still keeping respectfully apart, "we're now on a spot whar 'bout three weeks ago, so, or stid, two o' the durndest rascals to be found cyther in the States or Texas. You know one o' em, Ned Heywood, but not the other, Charley Clancy hev akwainshun of them wi' both, an' a ugly recockleashun of them in the bargain. That names air Jim Borlasse an' Dick Darke!"

At mention of the names Clancy did not start, nor exhibit any surprise. In common with the other two, he had already heard of Darke having been seen in Natchitoches, and along with Borlasse at the Choctaw Chief. Their hasty departure, with the unsuccessful pursuit of a sheriff and his posse, were events still talked of in that town. So far was he informed, and congratulated himself on what he had learnt. It told him he was going in the right direction to make discovery of the man who had murdered his mother.

He was even glad at the sheriff's party having failed. He wanted to make the capture himself, and hoped nothing would interfere to prevent him from fulfilling the stern, sacred oath he had sworn over that grassless grave.

Though not exhibiting any surprise at the mention of Darke's name, Woodley's statement in connection with it visibly interested him.

"Here! You think they've been here?" he said, scarce waiting for the hunter to conclude his speech.

"I'm sure o' it. From what that fox Johny told me, they must a' tuk this trail. An' as they had to make quick tracks after leavin' Naketosh, they'd be tired on gettin' thus fur, an' good as sartin' to lay up a bit. Look! that's the ashes o' thar fire, when I pose they cooked somethin'." That hasn't been a critter crossed the river since the big rain, else we'd a' seed hoss-tracks along the trail. They started jest the day before the rain; an' that's fire been put out by it. Ye kin tell by the way them chunks show only half consoomed. Yis, by the Eternal! Roun' the breeze o' them sticks has set six, seven, eight, nine, or maybe ten, o' the most prehush scoundrels as ever made crossin' o' the Sabine; an' that's sayin' a goodish deal. Two o' them I kin swar' to bein' that, an' I reckin' a third. The rest may be counted the same from that kump'ny, that kump'ny bein' Jim Borlasse."

"Who is the third you speak of, Simeon?" asked Clancy.

"Him as Ict Dick Darke out o' the jail—Joe Harkness. Johnny's descrippshun o' the man won't very clar, as he didn't put up at the Chief. He was only that on't or twic' w' the others. I know 'twar Harkness, for all that. It's bound to 'a' been him. Arter what he done, whar else wuld he be likely to go—cep'n' along wi' Darke? A poor, weak-witted edeyot he air; an' if ole Eph giv' him any money—which a coarse he must a' du'd—Jim Borlasse's lot'll soon ease him o' it."

For a short interval the conversation was suspended; the three who took part in it separately reflecting on what was before them. Then Woodley, after taking a pull from the whisky-flask, with which Clancy had presented him, resumed speech in the interrogative.

"Now, boys, what's to be our nex' move?"

The others refrained from making answer. They trusted to the questioner's intelligence to direct them.

He understood their complimentary silence, and continued:

"In my opineyoun, our best plan will be to go straight on to whar Kurnel Armstrong tends plantin' his sticks. I know the place most as well as the public squar' o' Natchez. This chile attends joinin' the ole kurnel, anyhow; an' so do Ned Heywood. As for you, Charley Clancy, we know whar you want to go, an' the game ye intend takin' up. Wal; ef you'll put trust in what Sime Woodley say, he sez this: Ye'll find the game somewhere in the neighborhood o' Helen Armstrong; nigh to her as it may dar' ventur'. What that's a dee deer, you're putty sart'in to find a buck clost by—specially when the doe air a sleek, proud beauty such as she."

The hunter's speech had an inflammatory effect upon Clancy. He sprung up from the log, and strode over the ground, with a wild look and strangely excited air. He seemed impotent to get back into the saddle.

His comrades made no attempt to restrain him. They had rested and refreshed themselves. There was no reason for remaining any longer on the ground; and they were all ready to resume their journey.

Rising simultaneously, each unthatched his horse, and stood by the stirrup, taking in the slack of their bridle-reins.

Before they could mount, the deer-hound gave tongue, on hearing hoof-strokes; and soon after a horseman appeared, making approach through the trees.

Apparently undaunted, he came on toward the camping-ground. But when near enough to have a fair view of the faces of those occupying it, he suddenly reined up and showed signs of retreating, as though he had recognized among the four men one he had reason to fear and flee from.

If so, he was too late to escape or even attempt it. Before he could turn his horse a rifle was leveled, its barrel bearing straight upon his body; while a voice sounded threateningly in his ear, in a clear tone pronouncing the words:

"Keep your ground, Harkness! If you ride back, I'll put a bullet through you—such as my name is Clancy."

The threat was sufficient. Harkness—for it was he—ceased tugging upon his bridle-rein, and permitted his horse to stand still.

Then, at a second command from Woodley, accompanied by a similar menace, he urged his animal into motion, and came on to the place occupied by the bivouackers.

In two minutes more he was in their midst, dismounted; and on his knees began to pray for mercy.

His story was soon told, and told without much reservation. The man who had connived at Richard Darke's escape from the Mississippi jail, and made money by the conveyance, was now more than repented of this dereliction of duty. A poor, weak-witted fellow, as Simeon Woodley had described him, he had not only been bullied by Borlasse's band, but stripped of his ill-gotten gains. Still more, he had been beaten, and otherwise so roughly handled that he was not glad to get clear of their company. At the first chance he had stolen away from their camp, while his fellow-ruffians were asleep, and was now returning

along the same trail they had taken through Texas. He was on his way back to the States, with not much left him, except a sorrowful heart.

His captors soon discovered that, along with his sorrow, there was a strong comingling of spite against his late associates; against Darke, in particular, who had proved ungrateful for the service done him. All this did Harkness communicate to them, and something besides.

That something drove Charles Clancy well-nigh frenzied, and produced something of a similar effect upon his traveling companions.

After hearing it, all sprung instantly to their saddles, and spurred off along the trail into Texas; Harkness, as he had been commanded, following at their horses' heels. This he did without daring to disobey; trotting after, in company with the hounds, seemingly less cur than himself.

Anticipation is sometimes almost as sweet as reality.

As Giralda rode up the river, the horseman rode down, heading directly for Bandera's hacienda.

"It is very strange," Giralda muttered, as she urged the mustang into a gentle gallop; but gradually the thoughts excited by the stranger's face and voice faded from her mind, and in their place came again the dream of love.

Anticipation is sometimes almost as sweet as reality.

As Giralda rode up the river, the horseman rode down, heading directly for Bandera's hacienda.

"How beautiful she is!" the horseman muttered, as he rode onward, "and how like she is to some one that I have seen before! Her face carries me back to my childhood's days. I do not understand it, And the horseman's forehead was wrinkled by the lines of thought.

At the gate of the hacienda the stranger halted. A group of herdsmen were gathered before the door, preparing for the prairie.

"Is Señor Bandera at home?" asked the horseman of the herdsmen, removing his hat in salutation.

"Yonder comes the señor," one of the men replied.

And almost with the word, Bandera stepped from the portal.

"Health be with you, señor," said the stranger, dismounting from his horse and bowing lowly; "do you want a herdsmen on your estate?"

The voice of the stranger affected the father as it had affected the daughter.

Bandera gazed earnestly in the face of the applicant; the expression upon his countenance was one of profound astonishment.

"A herdsmen?" he said, mechanically.

"Yes, señor; I can ride like the wind, and throw a lasso with any man from here to the Gulf," replied the horseman, confidently.

"What is your name?" asked Bandera suddenly.

"I can't tell you that very well."

"No?" asked Bandera, in astonishment.

"Not the name which really belongs to me. I was found on the prairie when an infant, and know not who or what my parents were, but the people who brought me up called me Juan," the stranger said.

Bandera had listened attentively, and his cold, keen eyes were fixed intently on the face of the horseman.

"I think I can find something for you to do," Bandera said, slowly. "Go, send Pedro to me," he continued, turning to one of the herdsmen. The man departed.

"You are about twenty-two years old?"

Bandera said, again addressing the stranger.

"Yes," he replied.

"And you never knew your parents?"

"Never, señor."

"It is strange," Bandera muttered, half aloud.

Pedro, who was chief of the herdsmen, came through the gate.

"This young man wishes employment as a herdsmen," Bandera said; "arrange with him as to pay. I think that he will suit me."

Then Bandera re-entered the hacienda, evidently deep in thought.

It did not take long for Pedro and the stranger to come to terms; so, within ten minutes, the horseman, Juan, was formally engaged as a herdsmen on the estate of Bandera.

After settling terms with the new-comer, Pedro sauntered back to the portal and leaned carelessly against the gate.

A peculiar expression was on his face as he watched the stranger, who had fallen into a conversation with some of the herdsmen.

One of the men, an old weather-beaten Mexican, approached Pedro and noticed that he was watching the new man.

"Voto! you have seen it also, eh?" he said.

"Seen what?" asked Pedro, affecting astonishment.

"The wonderful likeness that this fellow bears to the señor."

"He is like him," Pedro said, slowly.

"Did the señor have a first wife who was an Indian girl?" the herdsmen asked, with a meaning laugh.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BESTOWED!

The warm summer sun was sinking slowly in the west. The little plaza of Dhanis was full of life. The heat of the torrid sun gone; the inhabitants had sallied forth from their dark adobe walls, and in little groups conversed together, enjoying the balmy breeze, laden with the perfume of the prairie flowers, which blew ever from the north.

The gay uniforms of the Mexican troops—for Dhanis boasted a garrison, composed of a single company, some fifty men in all—made brilliant the little groups of sober-minded citizens.

The gay señoritas listened archly to the compliments of the dashing sons of Mars.

The staid and solid men discussed the prospects of trade and the victories of commerce.

All was peace and rest.

The golden sunlight bathed the little town with its mellow beams.

Then, suddenly, into the little square bounded a sturdy charger, bearing on its back a strange and uncouth rider, clad in a garb of skins.

With wonder in their eyes, citizen and soldier, parent and child, gazed alike upon the strange and incomprehensible man.

The rider was he, who, in his wild way,

declared himself to be The-Sword-of-Gideon, the Avenger of the Lord.

It was the Madman of the

The Mustanger was meditating on the words of his companion.

"But will she go with me?" he asked, suddenly. "How can I ask this girl to forsake home, friends, all, for me, an utter stranger? The thought is madness."

"Do you think that the old Don would give you the gal if you went up bold as a sheen an' ask her for her?"

"No; I am almost certain that he would not. At the last fandango there was a something in his eyes which revealed to me that he was not pleased with the attention I was paying to the girl."

"Natural! You're neither kin to us these Greasers. He looks upon you as a sort of devil, 'cept hooft an' tail. It's kinder rough to ask a gal to quit, pull up stake an' travel without the consent of the old man, but it's human natur' fur the she-critters to do it. I reckon if I loved a gal an' hankered arter her like a hungry b'ar fur a persimmon-tree, that I'd be mighty apt to take her if she'd vamoose the ranch with me."

"I will speak to Giralda and ascertain what her feelings are in regard to the matter," Gilbert said.

The two then entered the house.

Hardly had they sat down within the room, when a low knock sounded on the door.

"Jerusalem!" cried Crockett, in a whisper; "that sounds like a feminine's knuckles. I wonder if that ain't some Greaser gal struck arter me?" and Crockett grinned comically at the Mustanger, rising at the same time and opening the door.

A peon girl, with the ever-common serape wrapped around her, stood on the threshold. From the serape a pair of merry black eyes peeped out.

"The senor Vance?" the girl said, hesitatingly.

"Walk right in, marm," exclaimed Crockett, throwing the door wide open as he spoke. "That's the man."

The girl looked at Crockett as she entered the room, then at the Mustanger, and hesitated.

Crockett guessed at once from the girl's manner that she wished to speak to Gilbert alone.

"Git out, eh?" he said, in a tone of question. "Reckon I will! I allers take a hint quicker'n lightning," and Crockett backed out into the corral at the rear of the house, closing the door after him.

The girl drew a note from the folds of the serape and extended it to Gilbert.

The young man guessed at once from whom the missive came.

The note was brief and traced in a woman's delicate hand. It read as follows:

"I will be by the river, north of my father's hacienda, at nine to night. Come if you love me."

The signature was wanting, but the Mustanger guessed the cause.

"My mistress did not dare to sign it for fear that my errand to you might be suspected, and in case it was found on me I was to say that I had written it to Diego, the keeper of the wine-shop. The writing is mine, senor, but my mistress dictated the words."

"It was a wise precaution," Gilbert said.

"North of the hacienda?"

"Yes, senor; there is a group of three cactuses growing together close to the river's bank, just where the stream bends to the west. If the senor will make a circle on the prairie and avoid the hacienda as he comes up the river, he will not be apt to be seen."

"I shall remember; tell your mistress that I will most surely come."

The girl smiled, went to the door, opened it, but paused on the threshold.

"Will the other senor come too?" she asked, innocently.

Gilbert could not forbear a half-smile at the question.

"Yes," he replied.

"He can keep watch while you talk to my mistress," she said, with a cunning glance of the eyes, and then closed the door behind her.

"Come in, Crockett!" Gilbert exclaimed.

The hunter re-entered the room.

Gilbert told of the appointment to meet the fair Mexican girl, and requested Crockett's company, never hinting of the significant speech of the pretty waiting-maid.

Crockett readily acceded, not dreaming of the trap which the Mustanger had set for him.

A mile or so to the north of the hacienda of Bandera, two men rode side by side along the river's bank, deeply engaged in conversation.

One was Ponce de Bandera in person; the other, the chief of the White Indians, Michael Dago.

"And you finished him, then?" Bandera questioned.

Dago had just joined him, and the iron-willed Mexican spoke of the reckless adventurer who called himself Lope, the Panther.

"Yes; and a perfect demon he was, too!" the bandit replied. "I thought that we should have an easy job in dispatching him when he once got down into the well, but I soon discovered that he could hit us better firing up, than we could hit him, firing down."

"But at last you finished him?" Bandera questioned, impatiently.

"Yes, we toppled the stones down upon his head, killed, buried and raised a monument to him all at the same time," and the ruffian chuckled, ferociously.

"I have another task ready for you."

"I hope no more such jobs as this last one," Dago said. "The demon shot away the tip of my ear almost at the first fire. I haven't seen death so near for many a long day; an inch or two the other way and I should have had no more use for golden coons."

"This is easier; it is to put the American out of the way."

"Oh, yes, I remember. How can we get at him, and when?"

"To-night."

"Yes; the Mustanger has made an appointment to-night. The place of meeting I do not know, but I can easily discover it."

"How?"

"By tracking the person whom the American goes to meet."

"A woman in the case, eh?"

"Yes."

"They always play the devil with us men," said the bandit, coolly.

"A message was sent to the American today. A poor girl of my household bore it. I suspected her errand, happening to see her leave the hacienda and take the road leading to Dhanis. I saw that there was a chance

to entrap this North American without the trouble of providing a lure, so I sent one of the men that I could trust—not to follow the girl, for she is a quick-witted wench, and would have detected the watch at once—but to a certain lover of the girl, one Diego, who keeps the wine-shop, that his flame had gone to Dhanis to seek a rival.

This put him at once on the scent. He followed the girl and tracked her to the house of the American in the village, then back again to the hacienda. Thus I discovered what I wish to learn. I will have a close watch kept upon the person whom he comes to meet. You with others will lie in wait. When the American returns to Dhanis, attack and rid me of him."

"Why not attack him during the interview?"

"No," replied Marattah, "when the sun rises it will be as hard to part as now. The path is before me, my canoe waits upon the river, and Marattah will go."

But Sarah caught the child to her bosom and kissed her again and again with frantic eagerness, her tears dropping fast upon the sweet, young face. Arnold again took the child from her arms, kissed the rose-bud lips, gave her to the chief, and gave the signal for him to depart, as he received the fainting form of his wife upon his strong arm.

The chief wrapped little Jenny in the folds of his blanket and departed. Upon the edge of the woods he turned and saw the bereaved couple standing in the same attitude, the head of the unhappy mother pressed against her husband's breast. He held up the child, so that they could see her for the last time, plunged into the forest, and they saw him no more.

"All right, my son!" gasped Fralick, as he took his place in the canoe. "Off we go, and the devil take all Mohawks, say I."

Their pathway was beset by dangers and difficulties, but they cleared them all, and reached the fort in safety, and the rescued child was placed in her mother's arms. The "Chief's Pledge" grew up a beautiful woman, and her strange adventure is still talked of among her descendants in the Mohawk valley.

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THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

I languish for this good old times
Of which we poets sing,
When friends was as true as truth—
And frogs two bits a string.

Those good old times of long ago,
How dear they are and sweet!
When man upon his horse stood
Aft off as on his feet.

When noble, manly principles
Shone out upon the age,
When people walked in virtue's ways,
Or rode upon a stage.

When party malice, private hate,
Had never shown their blight,
Nor factions had returned the State,
Or corns began to bite.

When peace was plenty in the land,
And mother earth gave us her scarce,
Ere man had taken to the mint
Or some men took to verse.

When you could grasp your neighbor's hand
And find that it was warm,
And when a woman's heart was true,
As also was her form.

When scandal never walked abroad,
And words of praise were meant,
When man dwelt in content and peace,
Although without a cent.

When promises could be believed,
And charity was strong,
Ere kindly words had grown so short,
Or sermons grown so long.

When pleasure was as pure as day,
And bodies were all unknown,
With my friend I'd soon a hand,
And often hand a loan.

I've searched through all chronologies,
And through the Almanac,
To find just when these good times were,
And think they're quite far back.

Indeed, if I were asked their date,
I'd whisper, quite forborn,
They hap'd about three hundred years
Ere any one was born.

Fairy Story.

The White Serpent.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

AFTER Mozerl had smoked the hide of the great white serpent, quiet reigned in Dunnwar for a while; but it was not long before a new trouble came upon the people.

From the carcass of the dead serpent there soon began to arise a most unpleasant and noxious odor, which covered and pervaded the whole realm; and was even so impudent as to force its way into the palace. The odor was so very bad, and so very strong, that the people could no longer attend to their business; nobody got rich except those who sold perfumes, and one fellow who made a fortune by inventing a combined respirator and machine for holding the nose.

To add to the distress, the people fell sick. A terrible epidemic raged, which carried them off by scores, and there was no stopping it. The king trembled on his throne, for fear that his people would all die, that he would never more be able to collect any taxes, and—last, but not least—that he himself might be seized with the malady.

In this extremity he sent for all the physicians of the realm, and commanded them, on pain of banishment or death, to cure the people and destroy the disease.

They went at work, as they had been working for some time, only much harder than before, with pills, potions, lancets, blisters, cathartics, tonics, and what not. The result was, that the supply of drugs in Dunnwar was entirely exhausted, nobody durst bring any more to the island, and the plague raged more fiercely than ever. The physicians with one accord banished themselves from the island, fearing that other penalty with which they had been threatened.

Notwithstanding the departure of the physicians, the disease continued to rage with great violence, and the king was so terribly frightened, that he sent for his treasurer, and commanded him to issue a proclamation, offering a large reward to whoever would discover a means of stopping the plague.

The treasurer shook his head mournfully, and replied that there was no more money in the treasury.

"No more money in the treasury!" exclaimed the astonished king. "What does this mean?"

The treasurer explained that two heavy rewards had lately been paid, and that the people, on account of the troubles in the realm, had been unable to pay any taxes. As a consequence, the treasury was entirely empty.

"Offer a fourth part of my kingdom," groaned the wretched king.

The proclamation was accordingly made, and who should at once come up to answer it but Mozerl, the gipsy. The king was glad enough to see him, as he now had a strong belief in Mozerl, and he began to feel better at once. He caused his councilors and wise men to be summoned into the great hall, where he placed Mozerl in the midst of them, and demanded to know his plan for stopping the plague.

"I advise," began Mozerl, looking very wise and solemn.

All leaned forward to listen, and the king put his hand to his ear, that he might hear the better.

"I advise—that you bury—"

"A little louder," implored the king.

"I advise—that you bury—the body—"

The silence in the hall was such that you might have heard a cambric needle drop.

"I advise—that you bury—the body—of the serpent."

"The very thing! Who would ever have thought of it!" exclaimed the king, and all the courtiers fairly roared their applause.

This measure was at once taken, the noxious odor vanished, and the cause of the disease being removed, the disease soon disappeared.

Marvelous as this circumstance may seem, similar incidents have been known to happen, outside the Kingdom of Dunnwar.

The king, when Mozerl was about to leave the council hall, asked him if he would take his fourth of the kingdom, then and there.

"I am willing to wait a while," replied Mozerl. "I don't think it will run away."

The plague disappeared only to give place to another evil.

The carcass of the great white serpent had so long lain above ground, that a caravan crowd, happening to pass over the island, (there were no such birds in Dunnwar) both smelt it and saw it. He hastened away at once, collected legions of his friends and relatives, and brought them to Dunnwar to feast. When they arrived, the carcass had

disappeared, and they flew all over the island in great, horrid flocks, darkening the air and shutting out the sun.

Disappointed of their prey, they fought among themselves, and their rotting bodies were scattered in all parts of the island. A flock of them flew into the palace, one sunny day when the windows were all open, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the couriers and servants could keep them from eating up the old king.

Greatly troubled in mind and body, the king sent for Mozerl, and offered him another fourth part of his kingdom if he would rid the island of this new pest. Mozerl promised to do so, and at once set to work to fulfill his promise.

He constructed an immense raft, and on this he placed the carcasses of a hundred oxen, which he had caused to be killed and flayed. He kept the raft at the shore, in the hot sunshine, until a very unwholesome odor began to arise from the bodies of the oxen, and until the foul birds began to hover over the spot. Then he towed it off to a point where the current would carry it far out to sea, and set it adrift. It floated away, and the birds followed it in a mass, until nothing could be seen of them but a black cloud on the horizon, and even that at last disappeared.

"What a wonderful man is this!" thought the king. "I begin to believe that he ought to be King of Dunnwar, instead of me."

"Will you have your half of the kingdom now?" he asked.

"You may give me the title now," replied Mozerl; "but I am not quite ready to take possession.

The people of Dunnwar, perceiving that many of their number were dead, and that the remainder were poverty-stricken

POSTSCRIPT.—There is no "moral" to this tale, of course; but this much may be said at the conclusion: Have you never noticed that where some harmless and pleasant belief, no matter how fanciful, or imaginary, is removed from the mind, it is likely that its place will be occupied by some real, unwholesome and hurtful evil, of thought, if not of action?

Camp-Fire Yarns.

Lige Huseton's Gal.

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

"WHEN 'Lige Huseton kem back to his cabin that night, er what the cabin one't war, he saw on'y a lot uv burnin' logs an' the like, w'b blood smeared about over almost ev'ry thing in re'ch, an' not a livin' soul to tell who had been doin' the devility. 'Twur hard on 'Lige, fur besides the ole 'oman he had the sweetest an' purtiest bit uv a gal on her border, a leetle four-year-old, an' smart as a steel cat-trap.

"Then ther wur 'Lige's brother, Ben, an' his boy, an' the tev hands, et leastwise than he'd been, but they warn't now, six in all, an' ev'ry sinner uv 'em gone under.

"Some bones, an' the like, found in the ashes arter the heap had done burnin', showed 'Lige what the imps hed done wi' the victims. Sarch es he would, an' he took the next day fur it, he couldn't find no sign they showed whar enny uv 'em had been took off as prisoners.

"It kem purty nigh to killin' 'Lige, but he climb over it, an' then set to work to hunt

"It so kem about that 'Lige an' me rode together that night, an' uv course, he begin talkin' 'bout that leetle gal uv his'n, an' he went on at sech a rate, that I sw'ar I couldn't hardly keep from sniflin' same as he did."

"'Rube,' sez he, ridin' clost alongside,

"I'm a goin' ter see my child, to-night. I sw'ar he e'ena'most took my breath, he did. Hyah he'd been lookin' arter the gal for thirteen year, an' never onc'e even gettin' on cold trail, an' yet he ups an' tells me he ar a goin' to see her to-night.

"Look a-hyar, 'Lige,' sed I, savage-like.

"None uv thit kind uv talk ef you please. How ther tarnation ar' yur goin' to see your gal?"

"I dunno, Rube,' sez he, sorrowful-like, 'but somethin' in hyar told me I would, an' I will."

"I hopes yer may," says I, 'bout half-mad at him fur goin' mad, es I thought, an' then I dropped the conversation, es the fellers sez.

"By daylight we sighted ther settlement, an' in less'n five minnits we charged through it, into the red-skins on 'fother side, whar they lay int he timmer an' long grass, waitin' fur a chance.

"Yur see, lad, they waited a leetle too long, an' give us time to git up.

"Ther fout wur a tough 'un, fur ther odds war somethin' like four or five to our one, ag'in' us, but we was too much fur 'em, an' arter they had lost more'n half ther warriors, they bu'sted, an' lit out fur better quarters.

"We had drew the imps purty nigh ten mile from the village, an' whar they finally broke war among the cliffs an' foot-hills uv the range further south.

"Arter the fight wur over, 'Lige an' me war ridin' back, when jess es we wur pass-

been fightin', an' ketched a bullet in his top-knot.

"But how came the girl away 'out there?"

"Lordy, lad, the imps trade pris'ners all over the kentry, when they're afraid that'll be a row kicked up over 'em, an' I reckin the Shawnees sent her out, an' traded her off."

Short Stories from History.

CURIOSITIES OF SCIENCE.—Democritus, who maintained that the sun and the moon are bodies no larger than they appear to us to be, supposed correctly, though very inconsistently, that the spots on the face of the moon arise from the inequalities of the surface, and from the shadows of the more elevated parts projected on the plains. Every one knows how conformable this is to the discoveries since made by the telescope.

Plutarch, whose ideas were encumbered with fewer absurdities than most of the ancient philosophers, considers the velocity of the moon's motion as the cause which prevents that body from falling to the earth, just as the motion of a stone in a sling prevents it from falling to the ground—a comparison which clearly implied the notion of centrifugal force.

It appears clearly from Herodotus, that the ancients possessed a knowledge of the power of attracting lightning with pointed instruments made of iron. He informs us that the Thracians disarmed heaven of its thunderbolts by discharging arrows into the air; and the Hyperboreans by darting into the clouds pikes headed with pieces of sharp-pointed iron. Pliny speaks of a process by which Porsonna caused fire from the heavens to fall upon a monster which ravaged the country. He mentions also, that Numa Pompilius and Tullius Hostilius practiced certain mysterious rites to call down the fire from heaven. What these mysterious rites were, it is not worth inquiring; the simple fact which was concealed under them is sufficiently manifest. Tullius, because he omitted some prescribed ceremonies, is said to have been himself struck with the thunder.

For a long time the authority of Aristotle was hardly inferior in the schools to that of the Scriptures, and in some universities it was supported by statutes, requiring the teachers to promise, upon oath, that in their public lectures they would follow no other guide. The renunciation in a great part of Europe of theological opinions, long consecrated by time, could not fail to encourage, on all other subjects, a congenial spirit of innovation. Luther, at the same time that he lost his veneration for his mother church, equally lost all veneration for the Slagyrte, of whom he speaks in various parts of his writings with rather unbecoming asperity and contempt. In one passage he asserts that the study of Aristotle is wholly useless, not only in theology, but in natural philosophy. "What does it contribute," he asks, "to the knowledge of things, to trifles and cavil in language conceived and prescribed by Aristotle, concerning matter, form, motion, and time?" In that delectable work, "Colloquia Mensalia," we are told that "he abhorred the schoolmen, and called them sophistical locusts, caterpillars, frogs, and lice." An opinion nearly similar was entertained by Calvin, and the example of these two founders of new sects would probably have been followed by consequences still greater and more immediate, among their followers, if their fellow-laborer in the Christian vineyard, Melanchthon, had not given the sanction of his name to the doctrine of the Peripatetic school.

Aristotle relates, in his "Meteorology," that the fishermen who cast their nets in the Pontine Lake used to carry in close vessels boiled water, for the purpose of sprinkling the reeds, that these might quickly freeze together, and cease to disturb the fish by their rustling noise. The expulsion of air from water during the progress of congelation was afterward fully proved by Mariotte, one of the earliest members of the French Academy of Sciences. If two wine-glasses filled, the one with water from the well, and the other with water recently boiled, be exposed to the frost, the ice of the latter will seem almost uniformly pell-mell, while the ice of the former will appear charged with small air-bubbles, crowding toward the center of the mass to which they are drawn by the advance of the congelation.

The knowledge of gunpowder, or of some substance of equivalent effect, is undoubtedly of very remote antiquity. In a preface to the Code of Gentoo laws, published in 1776, it is asserted, on good grounds, to have been known, time out of memory, to the inhabitants of Hindostan. Marcus Graeius, who is supposed to have lived about the beginning of the ninth century, mentions specifically two kinds of fireworks; the composition which he prescribes for both of which is, two pounds of charcoal, one pound of sulphur, and six pounds of saltpeter, well powdered and mixed together in a stone mortar. The reader need not be told that this was, in other words, nothing else than gunpowder.

Julius Capitonius, in his "Life of the Roman Emperor Pertinax," relates that Pertinax, to find money for donation to the soldiers of the Praetorian guard, sold off, by nine days' auction, the sumptuous dresses, furniture, and curiosities of art, with which Commodus had filled the palace. In an inventory of the things sold at the auction, we find the following article: "Carriages, which had contrivances to measure the distances over which they were driven, and to count the hours spent in the journey." It is manifest from this that the Romans possessed all the advantages of the chariot way-wiser, generally supposed to have been first invented by some members of the Royal Society, about the year 1662.

That the ancients were by no means ignorant of many of the leading facts of physical science, these paragraphs show.



Tracked to Death—Chapter XXXVIII.

and half-starved, rose in revolt against the king. They declared that he, by his foolish decree for the banishment of the fairies, had brought all their troubles upon them, and that he should rule over them no longer.

When the king learned that the people, with arms in their hands and anger in their hearts, were coming in a mass to take his life, he was worse frightened than he had ever been, and could think of nothing to do but to send for Mozerl. When the gipsy arrived, he found the king in his council-hall, surrounded by his trembling couriers, who were all ready to desert him.

"I believe that I can pacify the people," said Mozerl, when he was informed of what was wanted of him; "but I shall require a reward."

"What more can I give you," asked the king, "unless you take the other half of my kingdom? Take it, and save my life."

"Thank you," replied Mozerl; "but half the kingdom is sufficient for me. You may give me, if you will, your daughter for a wife."

"Take her!" exclaimed the frightened king, who heard the people coming. "Save me from this peril, and she is yours!"

"There is but one way to settle this matter," said Mozerl, after he had bowed his thanks. "The people are angry because you banished the fairies, and you can only pacify them by bringing back the fairies."

"I tell you, lad, us rangers were kept busy, an' fur more'n two weeks, purty nigh three. I warn't out ther saddle a hour at a time."

"These times seemed to suit 'Lige Huseton powerful. He 'peared like another man, an' didn't seem to be satisfied at all, unless he war in a skirmish, or a chasin' a war-party wi' ther plunder. He never seed much, but I see that he war doin' a powerful lot uv thinkin', an' so he war, too."

"Well, things went on like this fer few days, mebby. Allers on the jump, er ready to be, when suddenly, one night, while we wur layin' in a bit uv timber for a hour's rest, a messenger frum the cap'n, who wur away, kin bustin' onto us, his mustang all uv a lather, with orders to make for Milton, a leetle settlement below, which war about to be cleaned out by the red-skins."

"You know how long it takes fur us to git ready. Well, that night we war rapider fer we generally are. An' after the new-comer's critter could get a long breath, the poor beast, we war in the saddle, an' off, head due southard."

"It's around the foot uv a purty high cliff, we both heard a kind o' groanin' an' then a sound like a woman's voice.

"I war lookin' at 'Lige when we heard the noise, an' I see him turn white round the gills, like, es he jumped down offen his mustang, an' begin makin' his way through the chapparal whar the sound kem from."

"I followed, an' afore long we kem out into a bit uv a cl'arin' at the foot uv the cliff, an' thar, right ag'in' the rock, I see as purty, an' yit as sad a picter es ever I see want to see ag'in."

"A ole warrior, he war Apache, wi' long white hair, war layin' out onto the grass, his head and shoulders propped up onto the knee uv a young gal who war squatted beside him, an' puttin' water onto a wound in his skull.

"I sw' ar she war the purtiest thing that I ever set eyes onto, an' what made me feel quare war that she wur jess es white es ey woman in the settlements."